

Obama in the land of Lincoln

When Democrat Barack Obama formally launches his 2008 presidential campaign on Feb. 10 in Springfield, Ill., Abraham Lincoln's home town, it stands to be a dramatic statement of how far the nation has come.

The kickoff is two days before Lincoln's birthday and one day short of the 146th anniversary of his

M. CHARLES BAKST



boarding a train in Springfield to head East to assume the presidency in 1861.

No matter how you regard Senator Obama's credentials or platform, it is striking to realize that someone with a real chance of being the nation's first black president is announcing his candidacy in a place synonymous with the man known for freeing the slaves.

"How can America not take stock of that moment?" asks Jack McConnell, a Rhode Island Democratic operative and fundraiser.

Rhode Island House Majority Leader Gordon Fox, who is black, says Obama can be seen as a beneficiary of "brave" decisions Lincoln made to try to set the nation on a path toward justice for all. So Fox says that, in Obama's going to Springfield, "in a poetic sense, it could be viewed as him coming full circle."

Rhode Island Supreme Court Chief Justice Frank Williams, a Lincoln authority, says Obama is smart to do it. And Williams thinks Lincoln would welcome

SEE **BAKST, D8**

The care & feeding of N.Y.'s groundhog

Chuck the groundhog, at the Staten Island Zoo, is being groomed for this week's Groundhog Day. And he's become quite a celebrity in the process.

BY ANDY NEWMAN
THE NEW YORK TIMES

Chuck the groundhog waddled out of his open carrier and onto the desk in the tiny reception office in the Staten Island Zoo.

He walked onto the phone and stepped on a few buttons. A house line rang. "Thank you for calling the Staten Island Zoo," the female voice said on the speaker.

"You have reached the director's office."

Chuck left no message, or, rather, he left a long, blank message, which is typical Chuck. It was just after 4 on a recent Thursday, and Chuck was waiting to clock out and catch the bus.

Every weekend, Chuck, a strapping young hog born in April, goes home with his trainer, Douglas Schwartz, who works Sundays to Thursdays. This allows him to spend as much time with Schwartz as possible, and on the hour-long trip on public transit (Schwartz doesn't drive), to get used to the prying eyes of strangers.

The hope is that when he has his big debut this week — he makes various guest appearances in connection with

SEE **GROUNDHOG, D2**

C M Y K



State of the Mob



JOURNAL FILE PHOTO

From his Coin-O-Matic headquarters on Atwells Avenue on Federal Hill, legendary crime boss Raymond L.S. Patriarca ordered hits, oversaw gambling and prostitution rings, extortion, truck hijackings and loansharking. Patriarca is said to have paid a hit man \$50 to kill Raymond "Baby" Curcio, who was shot at the wheel of his car in the mid-1960s. Among other infamous mob hits in recent memory, Raymond "Slick" Vecchio, top center, was killed in a Federal Hill restaurant called Vincent's on the Hill in 1982. Rudolph Marfeo, top right, was gunned down in 1968 with Anthony Melei at Pannone's Market, on Pocasset Avenue in Providence.

Nobody disputes that the traditional La Cosa Nostra, known locally as the Patriarca crime family, is a shadow of what it once was. But the mob in Rhode Island remains a powerful criminal force.

BY W. ZACHARY MALINOWSKI
JOURNAL STAFF WRITER

PROVIDENCE

On a cold January day in 2005, the mob was flexing its muscle on the city's waterfront.

In what seemed to be a throwback to times past, David Achille, son of a capo regime in the Patriarca crime family, was heading to a construction site in India Point Park to settle a beef over union job assignments.

The state police allege that Achille's father, Joseph F. Achille, a union laborer, met with top level mobsters who gave him the OK to have his son shoot two laborers in the kneecaps.

On Jan. 28, 2005, the state police, who were monitoring phone conversations through court-ordered wiretaps, arrested David Achille, also a union laborer, in his car with a loaded handgun. Detectives say that they thwarted a potentially bloody confrontation at the job site.

The Achilles were arrested and charged with a variety of felony charges. Last month, they pleaded guilty to conspiracy

charges stemming from the aborted shooting and were ordered to serve a year at the Adult Correctional Institutions.

Deputy Attorney General Gerald Coyne said the alleged plot shows that the hierarchical world of organized crime continues to exist.

"The act was approved by higher-ups in the mob," Coyne said. "It also shows you that the violence is not imagined."

During the past three years, federal, state and local police have chalked up several significant mob arrests. It's clear that the Patriarca crime family, diminished from its heyday, still has plenty of clout when it comes to the traditional rackets — gambling, loansharking, extortion, money laundering and strip clubs. As major players are arrested and sent to prison to serve lengthy sentences, others have replaced them or are about to be released from prison, where they have forged strong relationships with mobsters from other crime families.

The mob, which has been part of the state's landscape for most of the past century, remains a powerful criminal force with ties to illegal activities in Massachusetts,

Connecticut and New York.

The legend

Nobody disputes that the traditional La Cosa Nostra, known locally as the Patriarca crime family, is a shadow of what it once was. In 1963, Col. Walter Stone, the legendary head of the Rhode Island State Police, appeared before a Senate subcommittee and called New England crime boss Raymond L.S. Patriarca, of Providence, "one of the 12 top heads of organized crime in the United States."

During the 1960s, '70s and '80s, Patriarca's headquarters was Coin-O-Matic, a storefront on Atwells Avenue on Federal Hill, a bustling Italian neighborhood filled with fruit stands, restaurants and small businesses.

From his stark, mint-green storefront office, Patriarca ordered hits, oversaw gambling and prostitution rings, extortion, truck hijackings and loansharking. In the afternoon, he often could be seen sitting in a beach chair outside the building, a ciga-

SEE **MOB, D4**

More on the mob: Hear Journal investigative reporter W. Zachary "Bill" Malinowski talk about the Patriarca crime family, learn more about mob figures, their crimes and the time they did in prison, click through dozens of photographs, many published for the first time, read a tale about growing up near Patriarca's home base, and tell your mob stories.

<http://www.projo.com/mob>



Richard Gomes, left, in the ACI with Gerard Quimette, center, and Ronnie Sweet, died of natural causes in December in his North Providence home, where photos of John Gotti and Raymond L.S. Patriarca hung on the walls. He was 73.

JOURNAL FILES



TRIAL EXHIBIT

The recent trial of John A. “Junior” Gotti underscored the stature of R.I. mob figure Anthony W. Fiore Jr. in prison, here posing with Gotti, left, in a federal prison yard.

probe focused on the New York-based Gambino crime family and illegal rackets in Connecticut, Rhode Island and suburban New York.

The link between the Gambinos and a member of the Patriarca crime family caught the attention of law enforcement officials.

The Gambino crime family is the largest organized crime family in the United States, with approximately 210 made members and more than 1,000 associates, according to *The Bureau*, a book by Diarmuid Jeffreys published in 1995. The Gambinos and the other four New York crime families have a national reach.

“Every state in the union, every major city and many smaller ones, has some kind of organized crime activity run by its own distinct family,” Jeffreys writes.

Scivola is scheduled to complete his prison sentence in April.

Prison connections

An occupational hazard of living the life of a mobster or mob associate is prison. Underworld figures are constantly under police surveillance or investigators are trying to listen in on their conversations through court-ordered wiretaps. The intense scrutiny leads to criminal cases that result in convictions and long prison sentences.

Deputy Attorney General Coyne said that at one time, the federal prison system looked like a good way to separate New England mob figures, sending them to prisons scattered across the country. In recent years, though, many of the regional mobsters end up serving time in the same prisons in places such as Ray Brook and Otisville, N.Y., Lewisburg, Pa., Fort Dix, N.J., and Fort Devens, Mass.

In many cases, the mob figures build strong relationships and expand their criminal network while incarcerated. Once they are released, they are ready to return to their illegal activities.

The recent racketeering trial of John A. “Junior” Gotti late last year in federal court in New York City underscored the stature of two Rhode

C M Y K



THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL / BOB BREIDENBACH

Gerald Tillinghast, 60, center, the mob hit man who was released from the ACI this month, has been lifelong friends with Fiore.

Island organized crime figures in the prison culture.

Rhode Island mob associates Anthony W. Fiore Jr. and Richard Gomes took center stage in the case that recently ended in a mistrial. Prosecutors tried to undermine Gotti's claim that he retired as boss of the Gambino crime family by introducing evidence that he was treated as a Mafia don in prison.

The evidence included a photograph of Fiore and Gotti posing in the prison yard. Fiore is a career criminal from Providence who has spent the past 15 years in prison for running a gang of armored car robbers.

O'Donnell, the state police major, said that Fiore's activities will have to be monitored when he is released in less than two years.

“Fiore has to have power to be in Gotti's presence,” he said. “It helps Fiore gain power and prestige.”

Fiore has been lifelong friends with Tillinghast, the mob hit man who was released from prison this month.

Gomes, who was released from the ACI in August 2005, after serving nearly 20 years for shooting two men outside an Olneyville wiener shop, also figured prominently at the trial. The prosecution tried to demonstrate through a recorded prison conversation that Gotti had maintained his ties to organized crime.

In one conversation, Gotti instructed his lawyer to send \$500 to Gomes at the ACI where he was serving his sentence for the double shooting. Gomes was close friends with Gotti's father, the late John Gotti, once the most famous mob boss in America.

“He was very dear to my father,” Gotti said in the recorded conversation. “I know he's in jail, I know that he's broke, people that came through here told me this. This is a great guy. This is a real man.”

On Dec. 3, Gomes, 73, died of natural causes in his apartment in North Providence. On a wall hung photographs of his old pals — Gotti and Raymond L.S. Patriarca.

Bobby DeLuca, a capo regime in the Patriarca crime family, was paroled from the ACI in October. He had spent more than 12 years in federal and state prison on extortion and gambling-related charges. In recent months, he has worked in the kitchen at Sidebar & Grille, a downtown bistro owned by Artin H. Coloian, formerly the top aide to imprisoned ex-Providence Mayor Vincent A. Cianci Jr.

DeLuca's release from prison has not gone unnoticed.

“He's got huge ties with major players in the

Gambino crime family,” State Police Major O'Donnell said. “He's well respected. Only time will tell if he's gone the right path.”

Coloian defended DeLuca, saying that he has paid his debt to society.

“Mr. DeLuca has had a flawless and even exemplary record during his entire 12 years of incarceration,” he said. “No one would have any reason to believe that the rest of his life wouldn't go the same way.”

In April 2008, another violent mobster, Frank “Bobo” Marrapese, 64, also may be paroled from the ACI. He has been locked up for murder for more than two decades.

Always there

In the past 15 years, other ethnic gangs have emerged on the local criminal front. The Almighty Latin Kings Nation and Asian gangs are well established in the Providence metropolitan area. Dozens have been arrested and convicted for violent crimes. Still, say Providence Detectives Verdi and Whalen, they are relative newcomers and don't have the same national and international reach of La Cosa Nostra.

Verdi said that the new ethnic gangs, mostly younger men, are into drugs, weapons and violence. He said the traditional Italian mob, though not afraid to resort to violence, has older, experienced criminals who run more sophisticated rackets.

“They are into politics and labor unions,” he said.

As a result, the mob continues to command the attention of law enforcement officials in Rhode Island. The FBI has Joe Degnan, as its local mob investigator; Lt. John T. Leyden III monitors the underworld for the state police, and Detective Whalen tracks the mob for the Providence police.

The U.S. Attorney's office also has several prosecutors — Jim Leavey, Ken Madden and Peter Neronha — who stay on top of the mob scene. Even though the Justice Department has shifted its focus toward terrorism, Corrente, the U.S. Attorney, said that the mob remains a priority in Rhode Island.

“It's still out there,” he said. “We are still keeping a close eye on it.”

O'Donnell and Verdi, of the Providence police, said that times have changed. In the old days, young thugs would do anything to be a “made guy,” inducted in the Italian mob. Nowadays, they said, the up-and-comers have a different view of what once was considered vaunted criminal status.

Made guys don't make the kind of money they used to and they are constantly under police surveillance. At one time, a candidate for mob induction had to kill someone or take part in the murder. During the past 20 years, that has changed, much to the dismay of many old-time mobsters.

Verdi said he recently spoke to a mobster about the plight of today's mob.

“Years ago,” he said, “guys would have killed to become a made guy. Done anything. Now you see guys turning it down. The money is not there. The prestige is not there.”

Mobster Guglielmetti was captured on a wiretap grumbling about today's Mafia.

“So now, I mean it's like, ah, a whore in the neighborhood — you know, you stand here long enough, we'll use her,” he said.

Still, federal, state and local law enforcement officials believe that La Cosa Nostra will continue to be part of the Rhode Island landscape. As long as there is money to be made, the mob will find a way to cash in.

O'Donnell, of the state police, said the public would be surprised at how often Rhode Islanders turn to the mob — instead of law enforcement — to settle a dispute. But, he said, there is a steep price for contacting the underworld. For example, he said, if someone works in state government or a private business, mobsters may seek from them access to private information such as sealed court indictments. A few years ago, a Smithfield telephone worker with gambling debts provided the mob with confidential phone records.

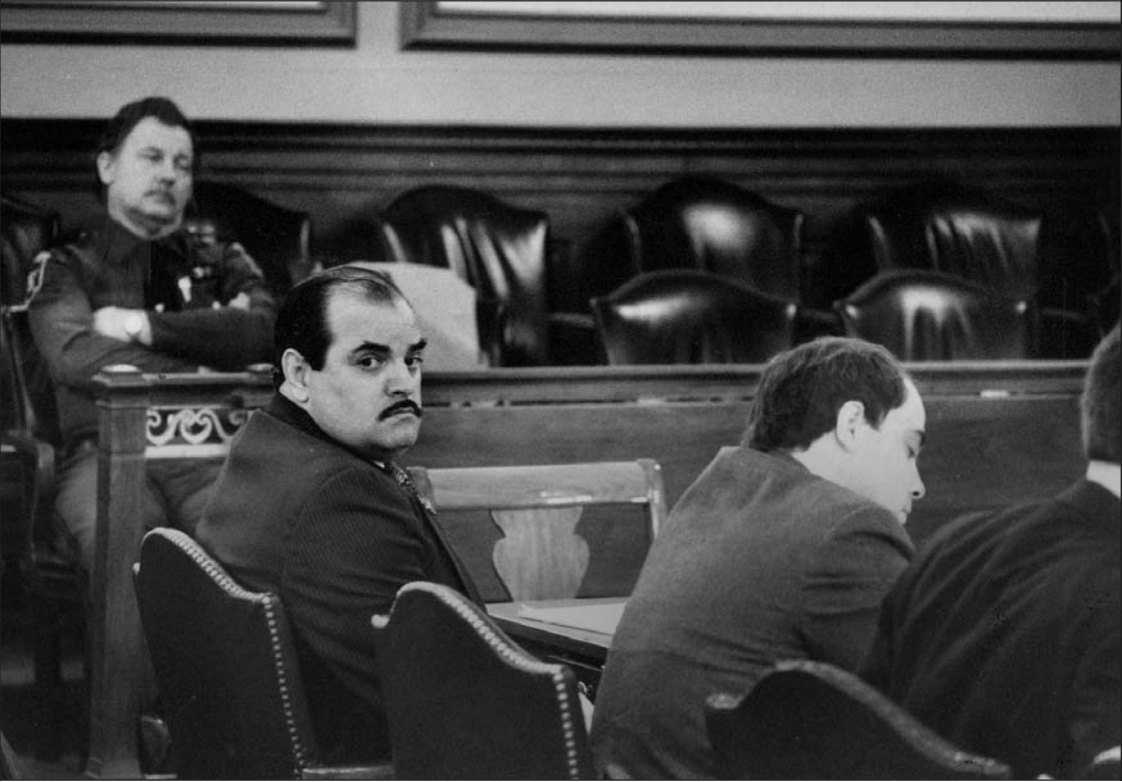
Brian Andrews, former detective commander of the Rhode Island State Police, spent most of his career tracking and making cases against members of the Patriarca crime family. He pointed out that, for more than two decades, law enforcement officials have held countless news conferences to announce that they have defeated organized crime. A few years later, more mobsters surface in new scams.

Andrews compared the mob to a form of cancer that will not go away.

“Nothing is going to kill it,” he said. “As long as there is money to be made and weak people, it's always going to be there.”

W. Zachary Malinowski is a member of The Journal's investigative team. He specializes in reporting on organized crime and corruption.

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THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL / FRIEDA SQUIRES

In April 2008, Frank “Bobo” Marrapese, 64, may be paroled from the ACI. He has been locked up for murder for more than two decades.

Tony “The Broom”

My family lived on Federal Hill for most of the 1960s, and it was like living on the set of *Goodfellas*.

My sister Rita remembers us running up Dean Street one night when two young mob punks got thrown through the plate-glass window of a drugstore on Atwells Avenue.

My sister Betty recalls one day walking to the neighborhood pool and passing a restaurant right after someone had been gunned down in the restaurant's phone booth. She stood there on the sidewalk with all the other gawkers, but says she didn't get to see the body.

We lived in a first-floor apartment in a tenement on Dean, right at the apex of the triangle made by Dean, Solar and Atwells. At the base of the triangle on Atwells was Raymond Patriarca Sr.'s vending machine storefront, beside an auto garage and a couple of other businesses. Behind the auto garage was an overgrown alley of old car parts and oil drums that we loved to explore (I still can remember the oily smell), and a gravel parking lot made up the rest of the triangle.

Rita remembers a day when she and I were hunting in the gravel lot for diamonds when Patriarca's Cadillac limo pulled up and he got out and gave us ice cream cones. It was around then that I started working for him.

I was about 6 at the time, so I don't remember how it started. I played with a boy who lived over the market that used to be at the corner of Solar and Atwells, and the other corner was the vending machine business. We were always playing right around there, so I guess Patriarca just said, “Hey kid, you wanna make a quarter?”

My memories are pretty vague, but I remember sweeping the sidewalk in front of his business and him leaning in the door frame, looking out over Atwells, and smoking a cigarette. I don't remember ever going into the vending machine shop, although I probably must have at some point.

Betty remembers it differently. She says I used to run errands for him and that I used to tell my parents that the money he gave me I had found in the gutter. (Although that seems pretty advanced thinking for a 6-year-old.)

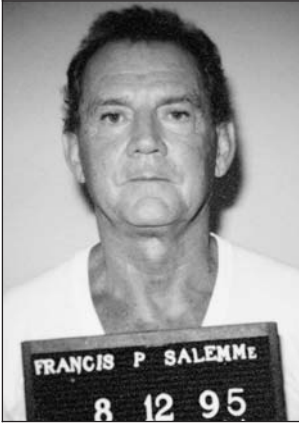
Whatever it was, my father made me stop. There's one other story, though.

Family lore has it that my father used to park in the gravel lot and that Patriarca's driver used to always block him in with the old man's Cadillac. My father, an amateur boxer in his youth, a World War II veteran and a construction worker, walked into the vending machine shop to settle the matter. The way I heard the story is, he simply asked them not to block him in; he was also carrying a shotgun. And they respected that, because they never blocked him in again.

At least that's the way my mother liked to tell it.

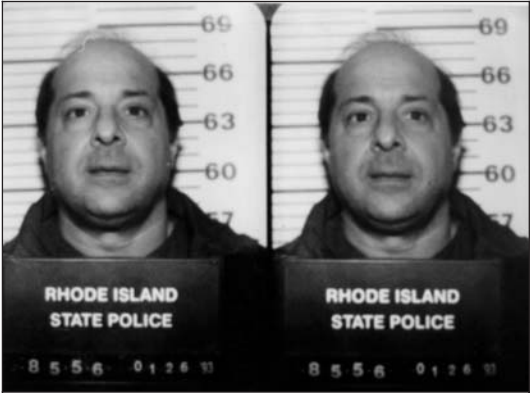
Tony LaRoche is The Journal's assistant city editor.

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Francis “Cadillac Frank” Salemm
Briefly rose to New England crime boss in the early 1990s.

AP



AP

Bobby DeLuca was paroled from the ACI in October. Recently, he has worked in the kitchen at the Sidebar & Grille in Providence, a bistro owned by Artin H. Coloian, formerly the top aide to imprisoned ex-Providence Mayor Vincent A. Cianci Jr.

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GOVERNMENT SHUTDOWN

No sign of compromise on debt limit

With partial shutdown entering third week, some states paying to reopen monuments

By DAVID ESPO and ALAN FRAM
ASSOCIATED PRESS

WASHINGTON — Republicans and Democrats in Congress lumbered through a day of political maneuvering Saturday while a threatened default by the Treasury crept uncomfortably closer and a partial government shutdown neared the end of its second week.

“We haven’t done anything yet” by way of compromise, Majority Leader Harry Reid, D-Nev., said after Senate leaders took control of efforts to end the impasse, although he and other Democrats said repeatedly there was reason for optimism.

Across the Capitol, tea party caucus Republican Rep. John Fleming of Louisiana said there was “definitely a chance that we’re going to go past the deadline” that Treasury Secretary Jack Lew has set for Congress to

SEE **SHUTDOWN, A11**

CURT SCHILLING ESTATE SALE

Lining up to buy a little piece of Red Sox history

Shoppers come away with everything from memorabilia to former pitcher’s bathrobe

By KATE BRAMSON
JOURNAL STAFF WRITER

MEDFIELD, Mass. — When Adam Olivere awoke at 5:45 a.m. in Providence on Saturday to get to the estate sale at Curt Schilling’s home, he asked himself why he was going.

Two reasons compelled the 68-year-old Red Sox fan who grew up in Boston and attended his first game at Fenway at age 10.

“I remember when Curt Schilling had that ad ... that he was coming to Boston to break the Curse and win Boston Red Sox fans the World Series, which he did, and so I was very appreciative of that,” Olivere said.

SEE **SCHILLING, A8**



JOURNAL/KATE BRAMSON

A bobble-head doll went for \$12 Saturday at Curt Schilling’s estate sale in Medfield, Mass.

MISS UNIVERSE

Exhausted Culpo expresses regret after India incident



THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL/BOB THAYER

Olivia Culpo, who grew up in Cranston, in her New York apartment Friday. At left is Casey Compennolle, a Miss Universe public relations representative who monitored an interview.

By JENNA PELLETIER
JOURNAL STYLE COLUMNIST

NEW YORK — Olivia Culpo has forgotten her shoes.

When the reigning Miss Universe opens the door to her Manhattan apartment Thursday afternoon, her bare feet are the only sign I see that something might be off.

Recently back from a 10-day tour of India, Culpo, 21, is otherwise photo-ready in full hair and makeup and a form-fitting Missoni dress. Seeming relaxed but tired, she heads to her bedroom to grab heels.

In her room, Culpo’s smartphone is filled with Google alerts to worldwide news articles about the fine

SEE **CULPO, A8**

THE COST of a BULLET

It's more than victims and their families who pay a price for gun violence; residents statewide are covering many of the growing expenses




PHOTO COURTESY OF
THE PROVIDENCE
POLICE DEPARTMENT

When Paulo Jorge Barbosa was fatally shot outside Club Balloons strip club on Allens Avenue in Providence on July 11, 2010, the shell casing above was among the evidence collected by detectives.

Authorities believe Barbosa, 29, a landscaper, former boxer and father of a 5-year-old boy, was not involved in a fight that spilled into the club parking lot and led to the gunfire. After a seven-month investigation, the police charged Tyrone Taylor, 22, of Providence, with pulling the trigger. He didn’t know Barbosa, the police said. Another man was sought in connection with the murder.

In a shooting, it all adds up

By W. ZACHARY MALINOWSKI
and AMANDA MILKOVITS
JOURNAL STAFF WRITERS

PROVIDENCE

Hardly a week passes without someone, usually a young man or two, getting shot in the city’s West End, South Side, Smith Hill or in the Mount Hope neighborhood on the East Side.

And things are not getting better in the state’s largest city, which has a growing gang problem and increasing poverty. As of Oct. 12, 88 people had been shot in Providence in 2013, slightly higher than the 87 shot by this time last year. Overall, 105 people were shot last year, 110 in 2011, 90 in 2010 and 86 in 2009. The vast majority are not random victims; they tend to know who shot them or what group was seeking revenge.

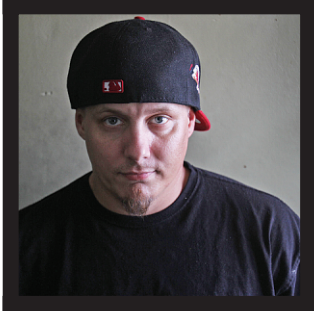
The constant shootings and trips to emergency rooms have become so commonplace that most people pay little attention to the bloodshed. But an investigation conducted by The Journal has found

SEE **BULLET, A10**

Cost of a fatal shooting (2010 figures):

Total cost: \$5,094,980	Emergency transport: \$544
Loss of quality of life: \$3,093,750	Police: \$2,119
Work loss: \$1,552,381	Criminal justice: \$395,221
Medical care: \$28,741	Insurance claims processing: \$2,361
Mental health: \$10,883	Employer cost: \$8,980

Source: Children’s Safety Network



JOURNAL/BOB THAYER

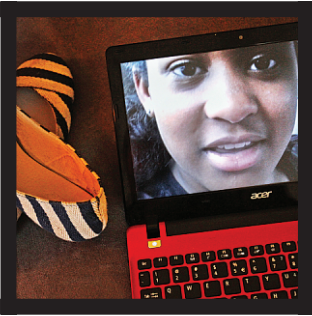
IN MONDAY’S JOURNAL

How a shooting changed a life

Ray Duggan, a former gang member with a violent past, never considered being stuck in the middle. He was ready to die or bounce back from a shooting with a bullet that would only enhance his reputation on the street.

Duggan didn’t die and he didn’t bounce back. Instead, he was struck by a barrage of bullets and ended up paralyzed from the waist down. He has spent the last nine years confined to a wheelchair and that’s how he will spend the rest of his life.

On Monday, Day 2 of The Journal series, “The Cost of a Bullet,” reporter W. Zachary Malinowski writes about Ray Duggan’s life.



JOURNAL/BOB THAYER

IN TUESDAY’S JOURNAL

A young girl dies; the ripples go on

Someday, Aynis Vargas wrote in her sixth-grade yearbook, she was going to be a “happy grownup with my family.”

The 12-year-old girl died instead in a gang feud that also wounded three women in Providence, on the eve of Father’s Day.

The shooting was over a broken window in a 12-year-old minivan owned by a gang member. It would have cost about \$250 to fix.

Instead, the slaying of a little girl and the wounding of three women is estimated to cost society about \$6.5 million — and incalculable pain and suffering for the survivors.

On Tuesday, Day 3 of The Journal series, reporter Amanda Milkovits writes about the life of Aynis Vargas and the aftermath of her death.

Page-turner politics and the pension fight

Columnist Edward Fitzpatrick examines the latest chapter in the continuing story of Rhode Island’s pension overhaul as General Treasurer Gina Raimondo faces new criticism in state and out and the 2014 governor’s race gets closer. **A9**

Grabbing children, and parents, by the tale

Author Daniel Handler — a.k.a. Lemony Snicket — will headline the Rhode Island Festival of Children’s Books and Authors Saturday in Providence. Get to know the author of “A Series of Unfortunate Events” and “All the Wrong Questions,” and find out who else will attend.

The Rhode Islander **G5**



Jennifer Parrish, a childcare provider, says, “Six years after unionization, 20,000 fewer children in Illinois were being served by the Child Care and Development Fund program.” We check out the claim. **A9**



Weather

Snow ending
Forecast, B8

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GOVERNMENT

Senate panel endorses Licht

Governor’s nomination of Richard A. Licht for director of administration now goes to full Senate

By **KATHERINE GREGG**
JOURNAL STATE HOUSE BUREAU

PROVIDENCE — Despite a smattering of opposition over his national role in the abortion debate, a Senate committee on Thursday endorsed onetime state senator, lieutenant governor and U.S. Senate candidate Richard A. Licht as the \$149,511-a-year director of the hub of state government: the Department of Administration.

This is the department that runs the nuts and bolts of state government, from hiring and purchasing to contract negotiation and paying the state’s bills.

With the Senate Finance Committee’s unanimous endorsement on Thursday, Governor Chafee’s nomination of Licht to the high-level position now goes to the full Senate for a vote next week, along with the committee’s unanimous endorsement of Rosemary Booth Gallogly for reappointment as the state’s \$156,876-a-year director of revenue.

Out of office since he first ran for the U.S.

Senate against Chafee’s late father, John H. Chafee, in 1988, Democrat Licht returns to state government after years as a State House lobbyist for big-name private clients.

Licht’s recent clients include a financial-services giant (Fidelity Investments), the state’s dominant workers’ compensation insurer

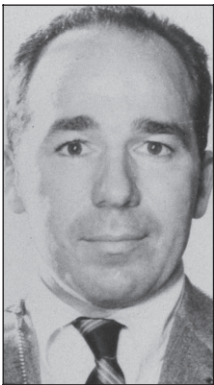
SEE **LICHT, A2**

ORGANIZED CRIME | ROUNDUP IN NORTHEAST

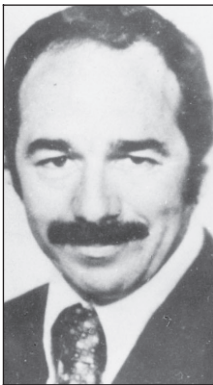
2 R.I. mobsters among 127 arrested in sweep



JOURNAL FILES



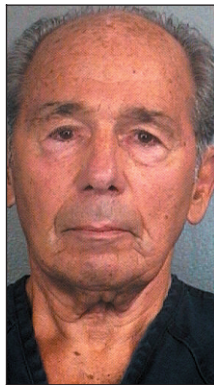
JOURNAL FILES



PROVIDENCE POLICE



AP



AP

Luigi "Baby Shacks" Manocchio has been watched by authorities for decades. Left, in 1952. His nickname came from his baby face and reputation as a ladies' man. Second from left, 1968. Center shows a passport-type photo found in a Mafia safehouse in New York in 1972, while he was a fugitive. Second from right, 1996. Right photo provided by sheriffs in Broward County, Fla., where he was arrested Wednesday.

Boss ruled with iron fist, respect from the street

Manocchio is known for serving only two years for a double murder

By **W. ZACHARY MALINOWSKI**
JOURNAL STAFF WRITER

PROVIDENCE — Luigi “Baby Shacks” Manocchio, the longtime boss of the New England mob, was always known as an old-time wise guy. He never flashed any of the bravura of the late Gambino family crime boss John Gotti, better known as the “Teflon Don.”

No silk suits. No Cadillacs. No fireworks to entertain the neighborhood. No sound bites for the media throng.

Instead, Manocchio, a small, demur man with a receding hairline, lived a quiet life in an upstairs apartment that he rented above a laundromat on Federal Hill.

Still, he ruled the mob with an iron fist, and no criminal in Rhode Island commanded more respect on the street.

Part of the respect came from his title as mob boss, a position he rose to in the early '90s, but part of it also came from the fact that he served just two years in prison for his role in killing two men.

Back in 1968, Manocchio was part of a team of hit men who killed two renegade bookmakers in a variety store in Silver Lake. After his indictment, Manocchio fled and li-

SEE **MANOCCHIO, A7**

Inside

Federal prosecutors say Thomas L. Iafrate, a manager at the Cadillac Lounge, demanded protection payments from adult entertainment establishments for the mob. **A6**



THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL / **BOB THAYER**

Thomas L. Iafrate, right, leaves federal court in Providence Thursday with his lawyer, Artin Coloian.



- Read the 5-page indictment of Manocchio and Iafrate
- Watch a video with Journal archive photos of Luigi “Baby Shacks” Manocchio
- See how readers are reacting and add your comments
- Explore our special report on the State of the Mob in R.I.



Manocchio, Iafrate charged with extortion

By **W. ZACHARY MALINOWSKI**
JOURNAL STAFF WRITER

PROVIDENCE — Luigi “Baby Shacks” Manocchio, the former boss of the New England mob, was indicted Thursday on extortion charges in a massive organized sweep that included 127 mobsters and associates from Rhode Island, New York and New Jersey for crimes such as murder, loansharking, narcotics trafficking and labor racketeering.

Manocchio, 83, and Thomas Iafrate, 69, were each charged with extortion and extortion conspiracy. They are accused of shaking down the owners of the Cadillac Lounge and Satin Doll, Providence strip clubs, for thousands of dollars in monthly extortion payments. Specifically, the indict-

SEE **ARREST, A7**

N.E. mob: Diminished but active

‘A lot of people who were put away ... have re-emerged,’ one mob prosecutor says

By **MIKE STANTON**
JOURNAL STAFF WRITER

The names on the organizational chart leap out like a walk down memory lane of La Cosa Nostra: Colombo. Luchese. Gambino. Genovese. Bonanno.

Underneath are assorted consiliere, capos, soldiers and associates from New York and New Jersey swept up in Thursday’s three-state Mafia sweep.

By contrast, in the region where the name Patriarca once reigned supreme, the box says simply: New England LCN. Underneath are just two names: Luigi Manocchio, identified as “former boss,” and Thomas Iafrate, an associate charged with

SEE **ALIVE, A7**

For those unemployed, prolonged frustration

Can Chafee assist those who have searched without success?

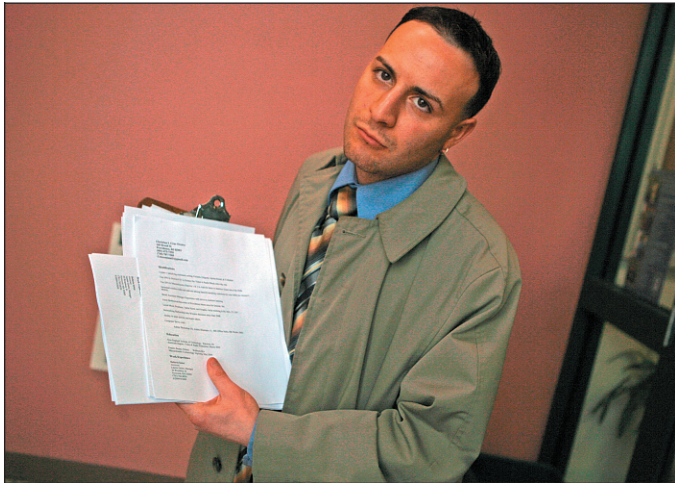
By **KATE BRAMSON**
JOURNAL STAFF WRITER

On his résumé, Christian I. Cruz Orozco, 27, lists the Providence homeless shelter at Crossroads Rhode Island as his address, but he says, rather than staying there, he’s “in-between places,”

sometimes sleeping at his mother’s house and other times with friends. He was laid off in September 2009 from a Massachusetts hair salon.

Cecilia Fernandes, of Pawtucket, works part-time at Wal-Mart, but she’s looking for full-time work and figuring out how to go back to school because her hours change week to week

SEE **JOBLESS, A8**



THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL / **BOB THAYER**

Christian I. Cruz Orozco, 27, says he tries to remain upbeat. “You have to be.”

State jobless rate still in double-digit territory

December jobless rate dips slightly to 11.5 percent, but state also loses 400 more jobs

By **KATE BRAMSON**
JOURNAL STAFF WRITER

Rhode Island ended December with an unemployment rate of 11.5 percent, the 22nd-consecutive month with a double-digit unemployment rate. It’s the longest period

and highest level of joblessness the state has endured in 34 years.

In December, 66,000 Rhode Islanders were counted as unemployed, down 100 from November, according to data released Friday by the state Department of Labor and Training. That number does not include Rhode Islanders who have stopped

SEE **JOBS, A8**



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NATION

Where the buffalo roam

A small group of wild bison are being allowed to travel from Yellowstone National Park to their historical grazing grounds in Montana, a sight not seen in over 100 years. **B4**

New job for soldier of fortune

The man who headed the controversial private firm that provided security in Iraq is now working for a group of Arab nations, training Somali recruits on how to fight pirates. **B4**



The Rhode Islander, F1
Washington
County Fair
basks in
50th year



Over the top

Barrington 44-year-old lands world-record backflip in Kennedy Plaza, **A4**

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PASSAGES W. ZACHARY MALINOWSKI

No better tour guide to R.I.'s backstreets

In Bill's eyes, the grittier the road, the better the story

By Mike Stanton
Special to The Journal

This is what it's like to work with Bill Malinowski.

We're meeting with a drug informant at Oakland Beach on a chilly autumn afternoon, rats scurrying in and out of the rocks.

We're driving through a run-down neighborhood in Pawtucket, or Central Falls, or



Malinowski

Inside

Rhode Islanders recall Malinowski's tenacity. **A11**
A sampling of his broad spectrum of work. **A10**
Obituary. **B6**

Providence, or Johnston, going to someone's house or wiener joint

or Laundromat or concrete business or trailer park, to ask about this dirty cop or that crooked politician or this questionable deal or that covered-up case.

Bill drives. I navigate. Bruce Springsteen is on the radio. I clear a pile of papers and notebooks from the front passenger seat and dump it in the back with his wife Mary's photo equipment and his

daughter Molly's sports gear. We talk about the Red Sox — will this be the year? (Bill is incredibly optimistic; when it comes to the Sox, his glass is always half full.) He talks about Molly's cross-country exploits. He spins tales of wise guys. He wants to send Springsteen his Sunday

SEE MALINOWSKI, A10

POLITICS

Trump recruiting monitors for polls

He raises the specter of 'cheating' by Democrats

By David Weigel
The Washington Post

DENVER — Republican presidential nominee Donald Trump is asking supporters to become election monitors, warning voters Friday night that "cheating" might rob him of a win.

At the same time, outside groups are readying to help the campaign watch the polls. Donald McGahn II, the Trump campaign's attorney, stopped by the Denver meeting of the Republican National Lawyers Association to plot the strategy and explain how the campaign could help the lawyers build a sophisticated election-protection network.

"What they want to do is create a pretty select, Navy SEAL-type operation that takes the data we're able to provide and deploy resources of the highest caliber," said Randy Evans, the chairman of the lawyers group, which he said does not coordinate its work with the campaign. "If you have 7,000 lawyers on the ground, and 200 sophisticated election attorneys on call, you can move quickly. The message was: This ain't your father's Cadillac."

Trump, who has repeatedly speculated that the election might be "rigged" in favor of Democrat Hillary

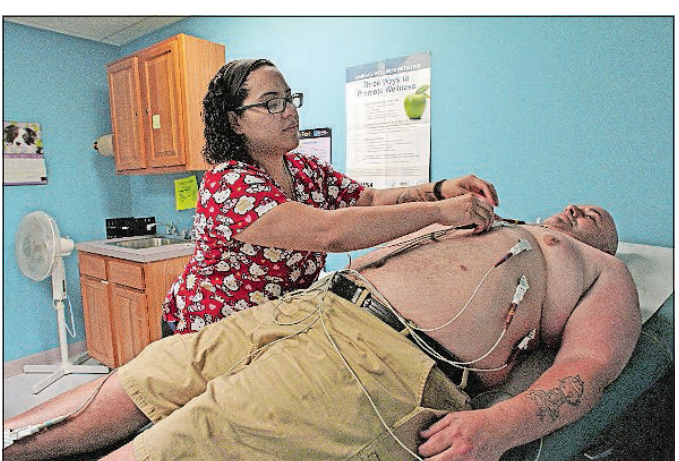


Trump

SEE TRUMP, A2

More inside: Kaine lambastes Trump on finances. **A12**

HEALTH CARE



Ruth Feliciano, a medical assistant at CODAC Behavioral Healthcare, removes an electrode after Raul Toste, of Bristol, underwent an electrocardiogram earlier this month. THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL/STEVE SZYDLOWSKI

Beyond methadone: Treating the patient

By Lynn Arditi
Journal Staff Writer

EAST PROVIDENCE — Raul Toste has kicked a lot of bad habits.

He quit using heroin, lost 69 pounds and is trying to lower his blood sugar.

The 47-year-old father also takes methadone to treat his addiction, which puts him at a greater risk for heart trouble.

That's why his visit to CODAC Behavioral Healthcare one recent morning included an electrocardiogram, which measures the electrical activity in the heart. It's part of the broadening spectrum of services provided by the nonprofit agency, which opened in 1971 as a drug-abuse prevention program in a

SEE CODAC, A7

Brown, URI, Johnson & Wales and Roger Williams are all building pieces of Rhode Island's ...

ENGINEERING FUTURE



A rendering of Brown University's new School of Engineering research building, scheduled for completion in early 2018. COURTESY OF BROWN UNIVERSITY

By G. Wayne Miller
Journal Staff Writer

PROVIDENCE — A symbol of Rhode Island's emergence as an engineering hub can be found at the corner of Chestnut and Friendship streets, where a striking new building has risen from land where a decrepit old highway once was.

The Center for Science and Innovation, home to Johnson & Wales University's School of Engineering & Design, is 71,000 square feet of laboratories, classrooms and open spaces contained within three stories of steel, glass, brick and composite panels. Balconies open to the outside, and

landscaped courtyards beckon. The complex pleases the eye, immeasurably more so than the section of Route 195 that was demolished years ago.

"The first building completed on the new I-195 land," says dean Francis X. Tweedie. But it's not the only new engineering complex planned or being built in the state, where Rhode Island universities are leading the way toward an important piece of the economic future.

Tweedie welcomes visitors on a tour of Johnson & Wales' \$42-million center, which officially opens on Sept. 1.

SEE HUB, A12



Brown University

The oldest engineering school in the Ivy League is in the midst of constructing a \$88-million structure.



University of Rhode Island

Down in Kingston, URI is expected to open its state-of-the-art, 195,000-square-foot engineering center in 2019.



Johnson & Wales

JWU opens its new \$42-million center this fall, uniquely designed to foster collaboration between students and industry.




Roger Williams

RWU has poured resources into its program with the goal of becoming a national leader in computer science and construction.

TODAY

MON

TUE



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Complete forecast, A8

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Sunday

A sampling from 30 years of stories

Investigations, crime, features and more, Bill did it all

By G. Wayne Miller
Journal Staff Writer

During his three decades at The Providence Journal, Bill Malinowski wrote prodigiously, with a range that ran from his signature and award-winning investigative and crime stories to his stunning portrait of his father, a native of Poland who spent four years in forced-labor camps and Nazi prisons during World War II. A complete list of Bill's stories would fill many pages. These are among the highlights:

"War torn," Sunday Magazine cover, Jan. 8, 1989.

A portrait of Bill's father, Mieczyslaw Stanislaw Malinowski, who eventually left Poland and raised his family in Connecticut. Bill traveled to the ancestral land in researching the story.

"Justice for all," Sunday Magazine cover, Aug. 12, 1990. A profile of African-American judge O. Rogerie Thompson.

"Sarault gets 5 years probation," Jan. 31, 1992. The sentencing of former Pawtucket Mayor Brian J. Sarault "for orchestrating a massive kickback scheme from City Hall." Bill wrote extensively of Sarault's fall from grace.

"Rhode Island on trial," a two-part report that began on

Aug. 9, 1998. About the corruption case against former Gov. Edward DiPrete. Co-written with former award-winning Journal reporters Tracy Breton, David Herzog and Mike Stanton.

"The Plunder Dome verdict: Cianci found guilty of racketeering charge," June 25, 2002. After a long trial, former Providence Mayor Vincent A. "Buddy" Cianci Jr. learns his fate. Along with Stanton and others, Bill exhaustively covered the trial and other Cianci matters.

"State of the Mob," Jan. 28, 2007. A special report on the status of La Cosa Nostra, known to Rhode Islanders as the Patriarca crime family.

"The Gangs of Providence," special section, Feb. 10, 2008. After a five-month investigation, Bill wrote about gang members and their violence.

"A sprinter's story," April 25, 2010. A profile of Hope High School athlete Angie Quiah, who survived civil war and a refugee camp and became the fastest girl runner in Rhode Island.

"The cost of a bullet," Oct. 13, 2013. Beginning of three-part series about the societal, financial and human cost of gun violence, with Journal staff writer Amanda Milkovits.

"He had it all, then threw it



Providence Journal reporter Bill Malinowski, right, stands beside Detective Sgt. Michael Wheeler of the Providence Police Gang Unit during a patrol in 2008. THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL FILE PHOTO/KRIS CRAIG

away," April 19, 2015. One of Bill's last stories, a profile of Aaron Hernandez, former New England Patriots star, who had just been convicted of killing Odin L.

Lloyd. Bill had covered Hernandez's trial.

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MALINOWSKI

From Page A1

story about an aging bank robber, because it would make a classic Bruce ballad about hope and despair and tragedy.

One day, Bill hears that a mob associate's relative is a cop who's being promoted. Maybe a favor from City Hall is being called in. Bill suggests we walk over to the station to watch the ceremony, and bring a photographer. Better to get his picture now, Bill says, than to wait until he's being led out of court, hiding his face behind his arm. When we return to the newsroom, the police chief calls to ask why we were there, and is there anything he should know?

That's Bill. Thinking ahead, picking up intelligence from his spider's web of sources, biding his time. He doesn't understand why some reporters sit in the newsroom and use the phone instead of going out and tracking the person down.

Another time, he gets a tip that Cadillac Frank Salemme, the former New England mob boss just freed from prison, has a work-release job at a mobbed-up auto body shop in Central Falls. We drive to the body shop, park up the hill on a side street and watch the place.



Bill Malinowski congratulates his daughter, Molly, a member of the Barrington High School track team, after her victory in a 5K race in 2010. THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL FILE PHOTO/BOB THAYER

We don't see Cadillac Frank, and after a while we head back to the newsroom. As Bill drives down the street, a car falls in behind us. After several blocks, the car pulls closer. It's obvious we're being followed. We discuss what to do. The car accelerates, pulls alongside. The driver waves us to the side of the road. It turns out that he and his partner are undercover cops, conducting surveillance on Cadillac Frank and wondering who the hell we are. But all ends well. They recognize Bill, Bill recognizes them. They smile and wave us on our way.

Another thing I learn working with Bill: Life is as much about the journey as the destination. Often, headed back to the newsroom after an interview, I'm impatient to get back, follow up on our leads, type up my notes. And Bill? He avoids the highway, takes the slow way back, savoring the story we're chasing as we meander past tenements and boarded-up buildings and detour to a hole-in-the-wall Italian bakery that makes great wine biscuits.

How do you measure a career, a friendship, a life cut tragically short? Bill and I were contemporaries, a year apart in age, both from working-class towns in Connecticut. We went to journalism graduate school at Northwestern one year apart. We both started working at The Journal early in 1985. We got married, had kids, grew into middle age. He loved what he did and worked hard. But he lived a balanced life with his family, his friends, his Barrington community, his running crew, his old college buddies and basketball teammates.

The library database says that "W. Zachary Malinowski" appeared in these pages 4,225 times. The lead to one of Bill's early stories, about violence in the Providence public housing projects, was a harbinger:

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A sound that might have been a gunshot echoed through the graffiti-marred walls of the Hartford Park public housing project.

Over the years, Bill wrote about crime and corruption, the Mafia and the police. But he also wrote about urban ills so often overlooked in society, about street gangs and inner-city gun violence and the downtrodden. Like Springsteen, his favorite singer, he had a soft spot for the underdog — a hard-luck boxer from Fall River; a Liberian refugee girl who became a track star at Hope High School and earned a college scholarship; an ex-gang member paralyzed by a gunshot who worked to turn gang members away from violence.

Bill loved the hardscrabble towns, working in The Journal's bureaus in Pawtucket and Fall River. He covered a major corruption case against ex-Pawtucket Mayor Brian Sarault. One of his favorite stories concerned Sarault's ties to a Maine couple linked to the American Nazi Party. Another revealed that city workers were fattening piglets at the city's petting zoo, then selling them to a slaughterhouse. Bill's story began: *The 10-month probe into the corrupt administration of former Mayor Brian J. Sarault has led investigators down some bizarre pathways, but city officials never expected to be tracking the fate of three (maybe four) little pigs.*

Rhode Island truly was a theme park for journalists, and we enjoyed the ride.

The first time we worked together was in 1989. I was writing sports, and received a tip that Cincinnati Reds baseball legend Pete Rose had ties to a Mafia bookmaker in Fall River. Rose was under investigation at the time for betting on baseball games, ultimately leading to his lifetime ban from the sport and exclusion from the Hall of Fame, so this was a potentially explosive story.

The editors teamed me up with Bill, who covered the cops in Fall River. In just a few days, thanks to Bill's unparalleled sources, we pieced together a story that Rose had placed bets with

the bookie, hosted him at the Reds' spring training hotel and even given him his 1975 World Series ring. When we went to the bookie's house to question him, he became confrontational. But Bill, ever unflappable, kept his cool and we came away not only with the bookie's confirmation that Rose was a friend but a memorable quote: "I'll go to court and testify for Pete Rose."

We began working together on The Journal's investigative team in 1996. We did a number of high-pressure stories. A few times, we were followed and threatened. It was always comforting to walk into a room with loaded guns knowing that Bill had my back. He had a disarming way of talking to people, a Joe Friday, just-the-facts manner that won respect even from the subjects of his hard-hitting stories.

He had an easy repartee that could defuse tense situations. During Buddy Cianci's corruption trial, Bill was confronted outside the courtroom by Providence Police Chief Urbano "Barney" Prignano, who had been the target of several of Bill's stories about police wrongdoing.

"You don't write the truth about me because my name ends in a vowel," groused Prignano.

"My name ends in a vowel," Bill replied, smiling. Prignano said it didn't. So Bill spelled it out for him: M-A-L-I-N-O-W-S-K-I. The chief, at a loss for words, snapped, "Well, it's the wrong vowel!"

Bill was old school and shoe leather. He read the obituaries. He loved mug shots. He made a difference. His desk was a looming avalanche of paper piled high. One of the only things visible was a photograph that his wife, Mary, took of their daughter, Molly, running cross-country at Barrington High School, where she made the Journal All-State team and went on to Williams College. But Bill's mind was like a steel file cabinet. He could find the key document when he needed to, remember names and events, and connect the dots. I can still see him ambling into the newsroom after some new discovery, a broad grin on his face, a twinkle in his eye, saying, "You'll love this ..."

He was a workhorse, not a show horse. Toward the end of his time at The Journal, he wrote a lot about the travails of Central Falls and took the time to get to know Rhode Island's poorest city. His last big story was the murder trial of former New England Patriots star Aaron Hernandez. He traveled to Hernandez's hometown of Bristol, Connecticut, and broke stories about the case.

While he was covering Hernandez's trial last year, Bill started complaining of feeling exhausted all the

time. Then, one day, he said his left leg felt dead. Months of tests and doctors' visits led to a diagnosis of ALS — Lou Gehrig's disease. We joked and cursed that he was saddled with an illness named for a damn Yankee, a team Bill loved to hate.

In the beginning, Bill seemed okay. He stopped working at The Journal, started going to bed earlier. But he still met friends for coffee, saw his daughter graduate college and went to a Springsteen concert in Hartford. Yes, there was a limp, then a leg brace. But he continued to work on a book about former drug trafficker Charles "The Ghost" Kennedy and his colorful life of crime and the Mafia. It kept him going. Bill was Bill. He used to run marathons. And compete in triathlons. And swim laps in the pool or out in the Bay off Barrington Beach. Now he competed against the cruelest disease, going with Mary to a Boston hospital every week for a clinical trial, attending spin class at the Y and cycling hundreds of miles on the stationary bike on his porch.

And he continued to follow baseball and the Red Sox.

For years, Bill and I have split a share in a Red Sox season-ticket package. In 2005 we took Bill's dream road trip: two days in Detroit to see Springsteen at the Fox Theater and the Tigers in Comerica Park. In between, fascinated as he was by cities, Bill enjoyed driving through the urban desert that the Motor City had become.

Last summer, after he was diagnosed, Bill said he wanted to take another road trip. We flew to Washington and saw two games between the Nationals and the Mets. But it was a grueling trip. Afterward, Bill said it would be his last season going to baseball games.

He did make it to a few Red Sox games this season, as well as spring training in Florida. I took him in May to see the Sox against Oakland, another underdog from another downtrodden place that Bill always pulled for. It was a good night. The Red Sox scored 14 runs and won. Jackie Bradley Jr. hit a grand slam. David Ortiz had three hits.

This time, I drove, and Bill navigated. He guided me through the twisty streets around Fenway, a way I'd never been before.

Life is about the journey. So I'd like to imagine Bill on another journey, his family and friends by his side. The brilliant green grass of the outfield rolls on forever under sunshine and blue skies. Bruce is singing "The Promised Land." Bill smiles and says, "You'll love this."

— Mike Stanton, a former Journal reporter, teaches journalism at the University of Connecticut. He still lives in Rhode Island. He can be reached at mike.stanton@uconn.edu.

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